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THE FACULTY FOR SUCCESS.
JUDGE GARY says: "The rules which determine the question of salaries in the Steel Corporation are very simple. First, integrity of character; second, good judgment; third, willingness and ability to work; fourth, faculty for success."
What constitutes "faculty for success" as distinct from integrity, good judgment and willingness and ability to work?
Ordinary moralists generally deny that enduring success can be attained by any faculty or combination of faculties that lie outside of those high qualities of character, but they are wrong. Many a successful man has lacked those virtues. Some men who have had them have died on the scaffold.
It is narrated of Napoleon that when seeking information concerning any man recommended for an important post he would always ask: "Is he lucky?" But luck that plays so large a part in deciding battles has nothing to do with making steel. So the question remains: What is the faculty for success in the trust business?

NOT TO-DAY BUT TO-MORROW.
HAIRMAN EMERY of the Tariff Board, having been asked when the Board would make a report upon any of the tariff schedules, replied: "It will be months. The truth of the matter is we do not know when we will make a report."
Yet there are people who insist that Congress shall make no attempt to reduce tariff taxes until that Board, or a permanent one, recommends it.
A report from Washington says the friends of Senator Lorimer purpose to postpone a vote upon his case until the next session of Congress. It is their hope that before the new session opens the charges of bribery will be forgotten and the prosecution dropped.
So it goes. Iniquity asks nothing but delay. Unjust taxes and legislative bribery are greatly disturbed by every menace of immediate action, but every prospect of postponement pleases them. "Let us alone to-day," they cry. "Reform us to-morrow."

ANOTHER ALDRICH PROMISE.
IF Senator Aldrich's plan for banking and monetary reform it is said: "If it be enacted into law it will be a staggering blow for stock market gambling." It is added: "The most liquid portion of our bank funds will not be forced to such a large degree as at present into the making of call loans upon Stock Exchange collateral, but will be available for the needs of commercial business."
Hardly any promises in the way of monetary legislation could be more pleasing to the American people than these. A reform that by one and the same measure will promote legitimate business and restrict stock gambling has at least the outward seeming of an ideal measure. Such being the case, it is to be regretted that the country cannot accept the plan upon the promises made for it, instead of subjecting it to prolonged scrutiny. Unfortunately, Senator Aldrich spoke as highly of his tariff bill as he now does of his bank bill—and we know what he gave us.

WOMEN AND BUSINESS.
THE promotion of a woman to the position of cashier in an important bank in this city has been noted as the first incident of the kind in Greater New York and probably the first in the State. In other respects there is nothing notable in the occurrence. Similar positions equally high in the business and financial world have long since been filled by women with distinguished success.
The advance of women along lines of employment that in former generations were reserved for men has in fact become a commonplace of our time. Now and then a voice is raised in protest against this "abandonment of the home" by so many women, but few people give heed to it. It is the law of social evolution and seemingly also the law of social improvement.
Business, indeed, is rapidly losing consciousness of sex. It seeks the best man for every vacant place, but accepts the better woman if she gets there first.

Letters From the People
The Compass.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A reader asks how the compass at sea can avoid being magnetized by the ship's iron. Some ships have an elevated compass, or have magnets on each side of the compass which are supposed to free the compass of variation, but I think they are never correct, and I know of no successful method to prevent variation on board of iron or steel ships. The variation has to be found out for the different courses through bearings between two known landmarks or on sea through azimuth or amplitude of the sun or stars.
A. N.
The Former is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Which is correct: "Can you talk as fast as he?" or "Can you talk as fast as she?"
E. G.
No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is white a color?
A. C. R.
Life in Paris.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read recently an interesting article concerning Paris in New York. I wish to differ with one or two of its statements. The article says girls alone in Paris are always in danger, self-respecting girls, I believe, are as safe there as in New York. In regard to ventilation and sanitation, I think the French people could teach a few lessons to New Yorkers. The climate is most healthful than in New York, and food is much cheaper, and I find it far superior to ours.
Morristown, N. J.
In Telephone Directory and City Directory.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find the address of the Women's Exchange and its branches in this city?
L. H.
Which is Cheapest?
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The time of the year is coming when people discuss living in the suburbs. I think a lot of people will be interested if some one with actual experience will testify briefly on the following subject: "Is life in the suburbs cheaper than in New York?" I don't mean is it pleasant or healthful. But is it cheaper? When commutation and coal bills and plumbing bills, etc., in the suburbs are paid does a man come out farther ahead of the financial game than does the New York taxpayer? Here we pay only for rent and gas. There we must pay for lighting, heating, commutation, etc. In the end is the suburban life or country life really any cheaper than in town? I take it for granted that rents in some suburbs are probably lower than in town.
DOUGLASS.

The Pleasures of Calling.
By Maurice Ketten.

"Cheer Up, Cuthbert!" By Clarence L. Cullen

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The Used-to-Be Association informs us that the Practical Joker and the Perfidious are "hot" members of its club!

Once in a while you can stand pat with a king-high hand and get by with it—but not often enough to give you the habit!

The Goosebone Weather Prophet rarely makes good, but his followers trail along with him because he believes in his own Dog!

The Essence of Salesmanship is in Making Sales; its Adversity is in Perpetrating "Sells."

"Atone and the Bad Break will be Condoned!"

It takes a pretty good Sailor to Embark on the Sea of Deception—and THEN he's liable to Limp Into Port Under a Jury Rig!

It's only after you've Been Bumped a Few that you learn how many Boils there are that are Best Overlooked!

You can't get an Option on Optimism unless you either want the goods or you don't!

Queer how a Good Gamble always is the one we were Going to Make!

When you knock your Rival your listeners think you're sore; but when you boast for him they conclude that you've got him whipped!

Better Postpone the Titter till after you Turn the Trick!

The Wise Course.

She—I can't go walking to-day. I've nothing to wear.
He—Well—perhaps then you're wise in waiting till after dark.

Ten Roads for a Happy Business Woman
By Sophie Irene Loeb
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The Trait of the Trusty.

FEW days ago James A. Farrell became the head of the Steel Trust. He was made president as a result of one thing—THOROUGHNESS. He inaugurated this trait of thoroughness at his FIRST job. He was sixteen years of age. He earned \$1.50 per week as laborer in a wire mill. He pulled "no strings" to advance himself, but filled every place AS WELL AS HE COULD.

He knew how to TAKE orders from those who directed. Now he knows HOW to give them. When he was told how to work on some coils of wire he did not "let George do it." JAMES did it.

Sometimes they asked him to perform some part of work that was a LITTLE DIFFERENT from the routine. He did not stop to ask HOW, WHY AND WHEN. He just "pitched in" at once and FOUND the way and the wherefore.

After a while, realizing that he was faithful over a FEW things, they made him "ruler over MANY things." In a word, he was to be THOROUGH. And, finally, here he is the TOPMOST trusty of the Trust.

There are many others. Of course he is a MAN. But the other day I was talking with a WOMAN who was at the beginning of the New Year elected as manager of a large business house. She began as stock girl at \$1 per week, and was presented with a block of ANOTHER kind of stock when she assumed management.

It is needless to say that since she knew how to keep the FIRST kind, the second follows. Her success is due, too, to thoroughness—the invaluable asset of TRUST.

The stenographer girl who can take dictation and can turn out FLAWLESS copy has a continual "open sesame" in the matter of position. For it is the one MAGIC LANTERN that lights the path upward.

On the other hand, if the employer has to look for and OVERLOOK mistakes continually, he is like the stone that is worn away by the constant dropping. And one morning the young woman finds HERSELF dropped.

She who may be DEPENDED upon to do a thing correctly, in the vernacular, gets "all that's coming to her," and very often a little bit MORE. This is an asset that DEMANDS competency, for there are so many of us in the seething centre of the swim that we can't keep afloat unless we LEARN HOW. We can't always be "boosted up."

The mother bird in the early spring teaches the wee one HOW to fly. (Have you ever seen them?) But when she sees that he CAN fly, she has FULFILLED her part and leaves him.

If he is a wise one, he will keep on flying as he was TAUGHT until he is strong enough to be SELF-SUFFICIENT. But if he must FOREVER be guided by the mother and not to be trusted ALONE he does not get much further than the tree he first found himself on.

So it is in the business realm. There are so MANY parts to fill that each must finally fill his without leaving any room for any one else CONTINUALLY to help. The dressmaker who can be sure that the cutter will cut properly and that the "finishing" girl will "finish" without her supervision can devote HER time to the planning of it all to the lasting GOOD of all.

Inattention, carelessness, is the trait that ruins the skills of ANY craft on the sea of life. It stays with the slightest wind and topples with the first strong undercurrent, that should be met with SOUNDNESS.

Neglect is the menace of womanhood on the road to business. Any one may be captain of HIS industry by the one trait of TRUST in the matter of thoroughness.

Thoroughness is rated HIGHER than any figures found in Dun or Bradstreet.

For figures may in the course of events REDUCE themselves; but competent methods ever compute to advantage.

On the road for a happy business woman! THOROUGHNESS IS THE THING!

The man who tells you that he never was a Fall Guy once in his life credits you with the intelligence of a Starfish!

There's nothing Criminal about Overcredulity—but it's Expensive!

Palm Beach would be about right just now if there weren't so many Self-Kidnappers down there who dress four times a day!

Our Mea of a Snail's Confession is the boast of the man who says he's held the one job all his life!

The It-Can't-Be-Done Club 'as 'tapes that 1911 will prove a better year for it than 1910 was!

The man who'll brood over a Social Snub ought to be wearing a Psycho Knout!

One good Self-Reprimand, if you're game to administer it, is better than forty from the Outside!

Know Thyself—and then Begin Alterations!

The Day's Good Stories
Held the Winning Hand.
SENATOR OVERMAN said the other day of a defeated bill:
"It doesn't seem to be defeated. It was as irregular as the Tin Can poker game. A man, describing this game, said:
"One-Eyed Homer, my right, held four kings and an ace. Two-Fingered Schermberg, on my left, held four aces and a king."
"And you—what did you hold?" some one asked excitedly.
"I, being the corner, held the inquest," was the reply.
—Washington Star.

It Was Not His Fault.
LEWIS J. DRISCOLL, advocate of the sale of bread strictly by weight.
"Some bakers oppose this idea," he said the other day. "They prove that it is better for the poor to trust to the baker's generosity than to tin him down as a butcher and grocers are placed down."
"Well, it seems to me that these bakers are as liberal and as good as the baker who were a player saying: 'I have only six months to live.' He was a robust beggar, but the player touched all hearts, and through his agency he must have made \$5 or \$7 a day."
"A Philadelphian who had helped the beggar miserably in Philadelphia in 1905 came across the fellow wearing the same placard in Los Angeles in 1909."
"Who, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," the Philadelphian cried. "Only six months to live, foolishly! You were saying that five years ago."
"Well," growled the beggar, "it isn't my fault, it is if the doctors make mistakes!"
—Detroit Free Press.

Then He Woke Up.
SENATOR GALLINGER, at an address at Concord, N. H., said of a political opponent:
"He isn't half as well off as he thinks he is. He'll wake up with a start one of these days—like Mr. Fawcett."
"Mr. Fawcett, mentioning an unexpected guest at luncheon, said as they sat down to table the fellow wearing the same placard in Los Angeles in 1909."
"Who, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," the Philadelphian cried. "Only six months to live, foolishly! You were saying that five years ago."
"Well," growled the beggar, "it isn't my fault, it is if the doctors make mistakes!"
—Detroit Free Press.

The Jarr Family
Mr. Jarr Decides He Is Too Popular To Receive Any Birthday Presents

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By Roy L. McCardell.

"DID you invite them down at the office for your birthday party?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "If that crowd comes up to my house and gets nicely entertained it doesn't make you some handsome present, they'll never get another invitation from me."
Mr. Jarr was about to say that he didn't think these three would make them come bearing gifts, but he thought if he said it it might bring on an argument, so he simply replied that he had invited his office mates, and he added also that he could see no indications in the office he was to receive any costly or handsome tribute to his sterling worth, to be presented to him with a few appropriate remarks.
"That's a poor way of showing regard for friendship!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Why, since you've been there you have told me you have had to contribute to funds to present loving cups and suitably inscribed gold watches and to pay for tickets to dinners given in honor of men who had been promoted in the firm or were leaving the firm."
"I know that," said Mr. Jarr, "but loving cups are only given to people who are greatly disliked, as a general thing, and so are testimonial dinners. You see, if a man everybody dislikes leaves, everybody thinks it a good plan to give him a big send-off—especially if he's going to a better position—so that in case any of the contributors are out of a position any time they can go to the loving cupped Mr. Hardheart and strike him for a job."
"That's why they always give him a banquet, too, and tell him how much they love him and stuff. For he's a jolly good fellow, which nobody can deny!" when he isn't a jolly good fellow, and everybody CAN deny he is. But a good fellow they all like they don't bother to do any graceful tribute stuff for."
"Well, I must say, men are a fine lot," cried Mrs. Jarr. "You are always asserting at women, but just from what you say, men are meaner, smaller, more time serving and more envious than women any day. Still, you may not be so popular with them as you think, and they may be going to sure prize you any gift schemes." "They will certainly surprise me then," said Mr. Jarr.
"Why don't you do like Mr. Strayer did when his clerks gave him the beautiful jeweled pin of his badge, the Knights of the Golden Rule?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "He got his head clerk to start a subscription paper and he put \$10 down as the head clerk's subscription, and then, of course, all the employees had to put their names down. And when he was tendered a dinner by his employees and given the jeweled pin he was so surprised and affected that the tears came to his eyes and he could hardly speak. Couldn't you give Jenkins \$5 and start a subscription around that way to buy something nice, all as a secret and surprise to you?"
"Lovely birthday!" said Mr. Jarr. "I wouldn't dare to put my popularity in the office to such an acid test or to risk five dollars in Jenkins's hands, either. I have owed him five dollars for six months and he's just the sort of a man would take advantage of a chance like that and pocket my five."
"You could have him write it down and tell him he needs't pay it," suggested Mrs. Jarr. "And if he had the buying of the greatest he could protest it cost five dollars more than it really did—you could go along with him unbeknown to the rest and see he didn't hold out any of the real money. I know that's what a friend of mine used to do in Brooklyn when she handed the euchre club money and bought the prizes."
"Well, have the party and never mind financing any gift schemes," said Mr. Jarr. "At that, they might give me a calabash gipe, silver mounted. We give a nice one to Johnson, the cashier, on his birthday."
"A pipe!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "If they give you any such insignificant and useless thing as that I'll tell them to keep it! What good would a pipe do me? No, you drop a hint that you'd like to have a nice rug or a set of china or a pair of real lace curtains for the parlor."
"Are you sure I don't need a bunch of willow plumes or the makings of a velvet chiffon dress or a set of furs?"
"Well, it would be very nice of them to give you something useful like that, and not an old pipe," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I want to tell you that if I thought they were not going to give you something nice I could use I wouldn't ask them to come!"
"Is it your party or my party?"
"It's your party. I'll have all the work to do and you'll get the glory and the presents," said Mrs. Jarr.
"I feel it in my bones that you aren't going to be any presents."
But Mrs. Jarr knew better. She had already bought him a kimono and some fancy hatpins.

The Man Who Wins
By Emory J. Haynes

Master and Man.

SUPPOSE a mere office boy treats his employer on the plans of equality. Why not? The boy is sixteen years old. His employer is forty years old. The boy's expectation of life is at least fifty-five years. He should be living and active in 1961. His employer will have been years in his grave at that date by all actuary tables.
Fifty or sixty years are a wonderful endowment. The majesty of such a right here on the earth exists this "office boy" to a very high plane. He is the equal in all negotiations of his employer. He is a crowned young king, and half a century of future years is his crown.
Then let the boy act in a dignified manner, and when he hires out, keep his pledges, do all that he agreed to do, never sneak off with a leaving without his and manly notice. The banker is expected to remember his dignity, pay every cent of the wages agreed and exact no service beyond stipulation. Strange that the butler, the chef, the coachman does not invariably take this attitude: I am the employer's peer in many things and must act on that conception.
The bank full of clerks, nearly all young men, pass the president's door with modest yet high self-valuation. The white-haired president has lived most of his life in the nineteenth century. The clerks are to live most of theirs in the grander twentieth century. That fact even up things.
The clerk should forget it. He is no more a stripling, but a prince, and can be expected to behave like a prince. There is no excuse for silly follies.
It is what the employee owes himself that makes weight. He has his own master and he let himself by contract with another.
He should know what he himself is worth and live up to the valuation he put upon himself in the original conference. He should know whether he is a growing man, with well-grounded expectations of improving, all of which improvement goes to the employer up to the limit of the time of contract. He should be ashamed of having put a price on himself that was false or allowing himself to deteriorate.
It is almost a solemnity to seal a portion of one's life. We are permitted to do it that we may never open our bread. We bargain away our miraculous heart-throbs which God supplies, our vital nerves, our myopic mental faculties, all for so much lawful wage. But we do more—we bond our very souls, our moral sense, that we will do right. Therefore, it is a very grand act to hire or be hired.

Modern Mythology
By Barrett Hanson Witherbee

No. 13—Midas.

HAVE you a little wishbone in your home? Not? Here's a good one, I presume. The fussy, weather maker, old wife with an English bob cap? Well, it doesn't matter. Just ask the Cop on the Beaten-Path before your house for the one left over from his Communion Xmas and N. Y.'s turkey and then make a wish quick before he hands it to you.
Hast Wished? Very good.
One hundred to 1 it was money or something connected with money! Do I win? Thanks, awfully. Stamps will do nicely.
You see, that's what old Midas, the Maxima Minstrel, did. He made a wish, and what's more, he got it. Midas was King of Phrygia in them good old Holy (and Bull) Con days, which modern education teaches about in the Primary Departments.
His nature and character were the same as the country over which he governed—Phrygia—and he preferred to sleep on a safe deposit vault instead of a bed.
Money was the object, aim, purpose, reason and sole ambition of his "raison d'être" and he cared naught for any other kind of fruit. So, when the Nice King Fairy offered him a perfectly good gold, he just naturally asked for the only Root with which the Plant Wizard Hurbank has not yet experimented. Sufficient unto the day is the Root thereof. He requested that everything he touched might turn into 14K gold.
Everything he touched turned to gold and you can bet he turned to everything touchable. In fact he revolved so rapidly that they used to have a dia him out of the gold mines he created.
He simply made money right and left-handed.
In the interim he wrote himself checks.
He became so rich that he didn't have to give any away, anyway you looked at it; which represents the bed rockefeller in dyspeptic endowments.
He made more money than a newly arrived Immigrant, thereby denoting the wisdom of the sage saw that it's the early Robin that catches the wormwood-crotch.
But when his virtuals turned to velvet and they had to a la carte his food away because it curdled at his golden touch, he yelled, "Hav done!" 'Twas did. The Kind Fairy revoked the wish, and Midas lived happily ever after with one exception.
He referred a bout between the satyr Pan and the god Apollo and gave Pan the decision, which was the same as if Gargias Minarchino Coban should be cast to-day for Caruso's Duke in Rigoletto. In r-r-r-r-venge Apollo crafted some ears on Midas's Dome, and he had to wear a wig the rest of his life.
From this we learn (1) Ask and ye shall receive—if you've got a pull; and (2) There are a lot of critics to-day who ought to cut in on the grub.